

# Good <sup>438</sup> Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Here's cake you've eaten Sig. George Darby

YOU'LL have eaten your birthday cake by the time you read this, Signaller George Leslie Darby, but the picture will remind you just what a luscious affair it was.

When we called at your home at 24, Byrne-road, Wolverhampton, your Mum was busy packing it into a big strong tin box—together with an assortment of good things that made our mouths water.

Incidentally, you're a lucky guy to have such a lovely sister as Joan. She stayed up until midnight the previous evening in order to ice that cake, and when your Mum showed us her photograph, we wished that we were in the Submarine Service, too!

Yes, the folk at home left no stone unturned to ensure that your nineteenth birth-

day was the best they could make it.

Joan was at work when we called, and as she wouldn't have been at home for two hours, we hadn't the time to spare to wait and see her—very unfortunate, we thought.

However, Tommy Walters, our cameraman, has done ample justice to this picture of your Mum and the birthday cake, so hope it pleases you, George.

The lads of the Derry-street Youth Club often drop in to see if there is any news of you, and they look forward to the day when you return and take charge of things there.



W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger"

# DOGS ?—THEY RUN DEAD STRAIGHT

JIM HORTON was by no means the most talkative member of the sporting circle that claimed "The Jolly Roger" as their own, but he could certainly talk at great length on his own particular subject, greyhounds, the blue-blooded aristocrats of the canine world, which is the way he regarded them.

He had spent the greater part of his lifetime in the kennels, and was one of the few coursing men who viewed the advent of greyhound racing on tracks with an open mind.

THE subject had been started by someone suggesting that war-time greyhound racing was not quite as straight as it might be; and without being dogmatic (no pun intended), Jim had given it as his opinion that there was too much at stake for any crookery to succeed, except in isolated instances, and on a small scale at that.

"The people behind greyhound racing," said Jim, "are as shrewd as any big business men in the world. They soon realised that the game would have to be run dead straight if it was to continue as a big public attraction, and I must say they have left very little to chance."

"The rules of the National Greyhound Racing Society are stringent enough—too much so for the liking of some people—and they cover almost every contingency."

"Of course, it is certainly a lot more difficult in war-time, with the scarcity of good greyhounds, and ever so many officials away serving with the Forces. One or two smart fellows may get away with a bit of villainy, but I doubt if it is at all widespread."

"Perhaps we had better ask Bernard," put in the guv'nor. "There isn't much jiggery-pokery that gets past the ancient order of the bookmaking fraternity for long."

"You needn't ask me," said Bernard. "I'm not giving away trade secrets. But I can tell you that we have our own methods of dealing with the smart guys who think they can put over a job. It used to be fairly simple a few years ago, but now it is so difficult. If there is any big coup contemplated, we have our own organisation to deal with it in next to no time. You can trust the bookmakers to be able to look after themselves."

"They can do that, right enough," said Jim. "I know that if a trainer is called on the carpet to explain the in-and-out running of one of his greyhounds, the chances are the complaint came from a bookmaker, and not a disappointed backer."

"Perhaps you fellows don't realise," said Bernard, "that the bookmaker stands to be shot at by anyone working a swindle. He protects himself as far as possible, but he can't know every little move in the game."

"Yet they manage to come out on the right side nineteen times out of twenty," put in

the guv'nor. "You know well enough, Bernard, that if you make your book correctly it does not matter which greyhound, or which horse, as the case may be, comes home a winner, you have your percentage on every race. If you don't, then you have not worked to figures as closely as you should have done."

"The trouble is that few people, whether backers or bookmakers, are satisfied with a moderate return. A fortune at one fell swoop is the will-o'-the-wisp that bogs most of them at the finish."

### WHEN TO BET.

"Yes," said Jim, "I've seen a few of the plungers come and go. They all go the same way sooner or later. I have yet to meet the fellow who knows when to button up his pockets and say he's won enough. People right inside the game like to have a bet now and again, when they think they know something; but you don't find the knowledgeable ones mortgaging their homes to put money on the meagre chance of one particular greyhound crossing the line in front of the others."

"There's no harm in having a bet, if you bet only with money which you can well afford to lose," said the guv'nor. "The curious thing is that, if your next meal depends upon finding a winner, then be sure you will go hungry, but if you have money to burn, and you try to throw it away, the chances are it will come back fourfold."

"I can recall countless instances of this sort, but there is one in particular that I have no reason to forget. It was at a time when I used to follow racing pretty closely and used to get some good information. I had struck a lucky patch, and it seemed that I could hardly put a foot wrong, as it were."

"I could do the silliest things imaginable and they turned out right. I even backed a cab horse to win the Grand National, and he did."

"Yes, you may well laugh, but it is true. It happened this way: My bookmaker and I were settling up. He had to pay me £16 10s. He pulled out three fivers and was then searching his other pockets for the odd thirty bob. I said, 'Don't worry about the thirty bob. Put it on the biggest outsider for the Grand National. Wait a bit, I'll look at the



"Sporting Life" for the ante-post betting. Here it is: Rubio 66 to 1. Book my thirty bob on that. Yes, all to win!"

"Of course, he laughed, and thought it a daft way of betting, but that is the kind of bet they like to get. Mug's money, they call it."

"And he didn't mind paying me out one hundred pounds and ten shillings a fortnight later, because it was a very good race for the bookmakers. All the favourites fell early in the race and my 66-to-1 chance romped home."

"If I remember rightly, Rubio was owned by a farmer, and before he bought him the horse had been in the shafts of a cab. That's luck, and you can't beat it where betting is concerned."

"You're right there," said Jim, "but surely you would be the last man to advocate your Rubio method of finding winners."

"True," said the guv'nor, "but it is rather astonishing to discover how many people bet this way. It is like throwing your money on a number at roulette—pure, unadulterated gambling."

"Many of the people who first opposed greyhound racing," said Jim, "described it as animated roulette, and in some instances this still holds good. Of course, all tracks are now licensed, but before the 1934 Betting Bill was passed there used to be a number of tracks, 'flapping tracks,' we used to call 'em, which were not accepted by the National Greyhound Racing Society."

"It was at many of these that the racing was more in the nature of animated roulette, and the backer would stand a much better chance of finding a winner by planking his money on a number than by trying to work out form."

"The name of the greyhound didn't mean much, because the chances were that he wasn't running under his registered name. That was before the control of the game had been tightened up. But I'm afraid it still goes on at some of the smaller tracks."

### WATCH YOUR TRACKS.

"You bet it does," said Bernard. "You try to put on a bet with any starting-price bookmaker and you'll find he won't accept it for certain tracks. I take bets only on the main, big tracks, and that applies to most offices. That is a tip for anyone who wants to know which are the dependable tracks."

"If any S.P. bookmaker will take bets for the particular track you have in mind, then you can take it as pretty certain that the racing is reasonably straight and above-board."

"And if you want to narrow it down still finer," said Jim, "my advice is to patronise only those tracks, where the

company does not own the greyhounds they run. One of the best safeguards, in my opinion, is private ownership of all the runners."

"There may be one or two mugs among owners, but not as many as you might think."

"It does not take the average owner very long to know whether the track people are getting the best or not out of his greyhound, and if he gets the slightest suspicion that there is some jiggery-pokery going on he soon begins to shout. That's as it should be."

"But, so far as the ordinary public is concerned," put in the guv'nor, "there is no means of knowing whether the tracks own the greyhounds or otherwise. On the race-card you used to see 'Mr. So-and-So's Flashing Star,' or 'Mrs. True-love's Baby Biddy,' whereas in truth these were owned by the track company. Mr. So-and-So would be non-existent and Mrs. Truelove was possibly one of the charwomen."

"That is so," admitted Jim, "and directly things become normal again that is one of the subjects that must be tackled by the controlling body."

"There are many other problems to be dealt with, and I think we shall find an improvement all round when we get peace again, if ever we are to have any peace in the world. I am looking forward to the real thing again. You know what I mean. The highest-class greyhounds racing for big prizes, not the trumpery substitute of the present time."

"I am looking forward to being able to bring up my fine litter of pups and seeing them race for the classics. That will be worth waiting for. I'll be able to give you all some winners then, or my name's not Jim Horton."

"Roll on the day," said the guv'nor. And the chorus responded with, "And then we'll roll out the barrel."

"Do you know what I am going to name the best-looking pup? I shall have him registered as Jolly Roger."

"That will be something to look forward to—the day Jolly Roger wins his first big race; but that is looking a long way ahead."

## Flowery Note for A.B. Peter Goodhind

BROTHER Leonard, about to rush off to a football match, and mother, who was just going to clear away after lunch, pause at the threshold of 16 Kossmore Road, East Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, to pose for you, A.B. Seaman Peter Goodhind.

Leonard told us he was registering for the Navy, but hopes to get in a week's holiday at Blackpool first. He was chosen to play for Frost's Athletic Club in the semi-final for the Ross Football Cup.

Mother's message is, "Everything in the garden is lovely," and you know how lovely the garden can be.

Your greatest friend, George Arnison, has written to his parents from a prisoner of war camp in Germany, asking whether you have gone to sea yet. He had sent the letter several months ago when you were training.

All your relatives send their love. Good Hunting!

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# Solved Navigation's Greatest "Problem"

IN Greenwich Naval Museum are the first chronometers ever made. They are not compact time-keepers that a man may put in his pocket, but enormous and elaborate structures of wheels and springs, and are still in good going order.

Behind these chronometers lies one of the most astonishing stories of courage and persistence on record. For John Harrison, who made these chronometers and thereby solved the age-old problem of determining longitude accurately at sea, was a carpenter, whose first clocks were made by hand out of oak.

Harrison was the son of a Yorkshire carpenter. As a boy he loved clocks and watches, and this passion remained with him throughout a long life spent in perfecting them.

One day word was brought to the Pontefract carpenter that there was a reward offered for the man who could construct a time-keeper that would keep perfect time in all climates.

The reward was the stupendous one of £20,000. It was offered by the Board of Longitude a body set up in the reign of Anne to stimulate the interests of inventors in the longitude problem.

Undaunted by the circumstance that he would be competing against men with scientific knowledge far in excess of his, Harrison decided to solve the problem and win the reward.

One day he put before the Board of Longitude his first chronometer. They were sceptical, but, under pressure, arranged for a test. It took place on a voyage between England and Jamaica in 1761 and no less a bigwig than the Astronomer Royal was aboard to referee.

The result was astonishingly successful and Harrison, jubilant, claimed the reward. But the Board of Longitude began to quibble. First, they said, he must make further instruments, and submit to further tests.

Poor Harrison was by this time middle-aged and he was also poor. Nowadays it might not be an overwhelming demand that a man should make a further invention model. For Harrison it meant seven or eight years of toil to produce one chronometer. But he valiantly set to work, and the Board grudgingly gave him a small advance.

And so it went on, until

Harrison was over seventy and still without his reward. Meanwhile the Board was wasting time and money on considering other possible solutions. Many of these were absurd, such, for example, as the scheme for anchoring ships at specified degrees of longitude to fire rockets at intervals.

In despair of ever getting justice, old Harrison gave up the Board of Longitude and applied for an audition of the King. The King heard the whole story in silence, then, in a burst of indignation George III gave voice.

"By God, Harrison," he boomed in his guttural voice, "You have been wronged, but I will see you right."

Harrison, shortly before his death, got a substantial part of the reward. He died a famous man, having achieved a scientific triumph which solved for all time one of the navigator's greatest problems.

There is a postscript to Harrison's romance. His first chronometers were stowed away and forgotten. Verdigris and dust accumulated on them.

Then, one fine day, Comm. Rupert Gould, R.N., decided that these masterpieces of a great genius ought not to be

permitted to fall into complete disrepair.

He set about putting them into going order. His task involved taking them to pieces, and each of the hundreds of working parts had to be numbered and its place in the whole design noted down accurately. Each part thus removed



"Don't get alarmed, Winnie, he's okay! The tide's out!"

was cleared and the great chronometers were assembled by this brilliantly patient worker. They went. But it cost Commander Gould some eleven years of work—a labour of love, indeed.

The practical problem with which Harrison had to wrestle was a twofold one. First, he had to design and construct a time-keeper that would keep accurate time; secondly, he had to so construct it that it would keep time in every kind of climate.

He got his result by perfecting the compensation of the balance wheel. But he also invented other chronometer features, for example, the going fusee and the remontoir escapement and the gridiron pendulum.

Chronometers do not always keep perfect time, but their error, if constant under all climatic conditions, is unimportant, since it can be calculated, and is, indeed, calculated when ascertaining longitude at sea.

Nowadays we are, perhaps, approaching the end of the era of navigation ushered in by Harrison's chronometer. Something unforeseen has developed to assist the navigator at sea to ascertain his position—the wireless beam.

## To-day's Brains Trust

A DOCTOR, a Chemist, a Naturopath, and a Scientific Farmer, discuss:

**Are synthetic products as good as natural ones? Many country people, for instance, still regard artificial fertilisers as inferior, and synthetic drugs as worthless.**

**Chemist:** "Every material substance in this universe is made up of one or more of the ninety-odd elements, and there is absolutely no difference in the result whether the elements are put together in a test-tube or in a plant-leaf."

**"To take an extremely simple example, water can be made in the laboratory by exploding together oxygen and hydrogen, and it is also produced in countless different ways in nature."**

**"But, in every case, water is just water. It is always 'H<sub>2</sub>O'—or else it isn't water. It seems to me there is very little more to be said."**

**Doctor:** "The same is true of synthetic aspirin and other drugs. Where there is a difference it is nearly always that the synthetic product is more pure than the natural one."

**"In some cases it has seemed at first that synthetic drugs have not the efficacy of natural ones, but this has always been finally traced to a misunderstanding as to what was the active agent in the drug."**

**"This often turned out to be a so-called 'impurity' in the natural substance which was absent in the artificial. The 'impurity' then becomes the important substance, and when made artificially and used alone, is many thousands of times more effective than the original natural drug."**

**Naturopath:** "But how are you to know that your synthetic products do not always omit something vital? Chemical analysis may not tell the whole story. You analyse natural manures and find that plants require potash, lime, and so on."

**"But it does not follow that to give them potash and lime is the same thing as to give them natural manure. As a matter of fact, it isn't. 'I never allow artificial manures in my garden, for I**

am convinced that they lack several vital ingredients which only matter derived from living tissues contains."

**Farmer:** "The test with manures is a purely practical one. It turns out that good artificial manures, properly administered, are far better than any sort of natural manure. I know this, that nobody who refused to use artificial manures could hope to compete successfully in a first-class show nowadays."

**"The proof has often been demonstrated when identical crops have been sown side by side, but one treated with natural manure and the other with artificial. It is like watching a race between a Spitfire and a bicycle."**

**"The final crops, whether leaves, roots or fruit, are similarly strongly contrasted. But using artificial manures is a skilled business, and there is possibly not much difference in the amateur gardener's crops whichever type of manure he uses."**

**Naturopath:** "What matters to me is not the size of the crop, but its nourishing abilities when used as food. You may get a carrot as big as a barrage balloon, but I'll guar-

antee the little sweet ones I get in my garden will do you a lot more good. There is no evidence of life being produced anywhere except from life, and inorganic chemicals lack the vital principle necessary in all food."

**Chemist:** "Who said so? The earth itself is a ball of inorganic 'chemicals,' as you call them, yet it has produced abundant life. But I do not regard this contrasting of artificial and natural manures as belonging to the subject of synthetic products."

**"A synthetic product is a precise replica of a natural one. The term 'synthetic' is often abused, and sometimes quite wrongly used, as in the case of the various synthetic rubbers."**

**"There is, as yet, no such thing as synthetic rubber. There are only rubber substitutes, and these are not as good as natural rubber, except for special purposes."**

**Doctor:** "There is really not a bit of evidence in favour of the Naturopath's notion of a vital principle being passed on to us in our food. That is pure superstition. The plants obtain nourishment from the inorganic earth. Indeed, they can be quite successfully grown in a number of 'nutrient solutions' consisting of ordinary chemicals out of bottles."

### JANE



### BABY BATH.

We are talking of the bath, because, as you can see, it is such a tiny utensil for so big a baby. But what would you do if one of the right size wasn't handy? Of course, you would do the same as this happy camper does . . . and come up smiling . . . That is, if the water wasn't too cold . . .

## WANGLING WORDS—377

1. Put a calculation in REE and then carry on.

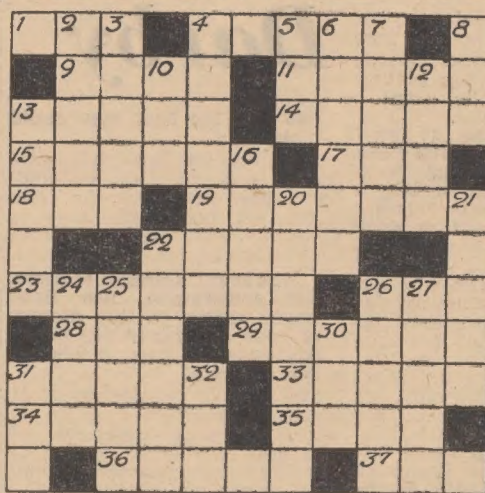
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Devil ownam ni na hoes saw how lod a heret.

3. Mix TAIL, add Y, and get a country.  
4. Find the hidden animal, reptile and insect in: Add error to error, but never pant, her mother told her.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 376

1. DotterEL.  
2. Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules.  
3. BURT-O-N.  
4. Me-ion, G-rape.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

1 Bulge.  
4 Ethical.  
9 Bound easily.  
11 Solitary.  
13 Liquid.  
14 Parrot.  
15 Open-sided arcade.  
17 Strange.  
18 Female animal.  
19 Stuffed.  
22 Vehicles.  
23 In name only.  
26 Triumphant cry.  
28 Nonsense.  
29 Sour herb.  
31 Inflamed.  
33 Babbles.  
34 Fire on hearth.  
35 Cure.  
36 Impetuous.  
37 Pronoun.

BLOSSOMED Y  
ROBIN CARVE  
ACETIC GOES  
GAY POTENT  
GLEN DIRECT  
A DARED SHY  
RD TEXAS D  
TUNIC LARGE  
STOVES LEES  
CREST VAT  
OHM SYNOD

### CLUES DOWN.

2 Permit. 3 Concave chisel. 4 Non-surgical. 5 Male animal. 6 Disturbs. 7 Deputy. 8 Tree. 10 Farm animal. 12 Appellation. 13 Swift. 16 Tapestry. 20 Emaciation. 21 Watch faces. 22 Sea mollusc. 24 Golf-club. 25 Hard. 26 Marshal. 27 Answering call. 30 Shrub. 31 Carriage. 32 Affirmative.

## QUIZ for today

1. A quannet is a kind of duck, measure of wine, flat file, difficult situation, little bottle?
2. What Mediterranean island gives its name to what common metal?
3. Does (a) cheese, (b) chalk, sink or float in fresh water?
4. How many composers can you name beginning with S?
5. How does blotting-paper differ from ordinary paper?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Palladium, Pallidy, Pailasse, Pailfull, Palimpsest, Pallisade.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 437

1. Day in the Church calendar.
2. London and Manchester.
3. (a) Float, (b) float.
4. A mos; Acts of the Apostles.
5. Marbles.
6. Posh.

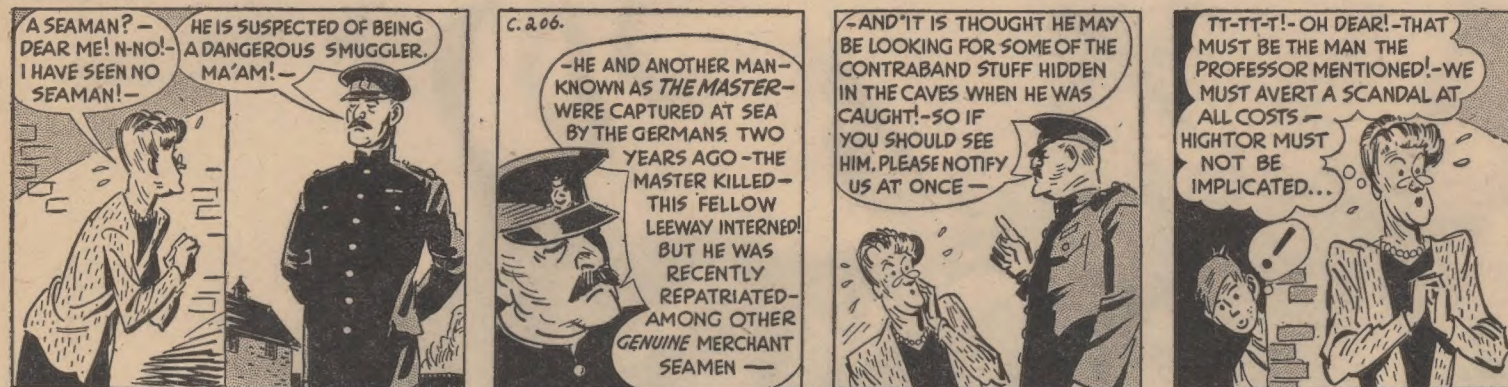




## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



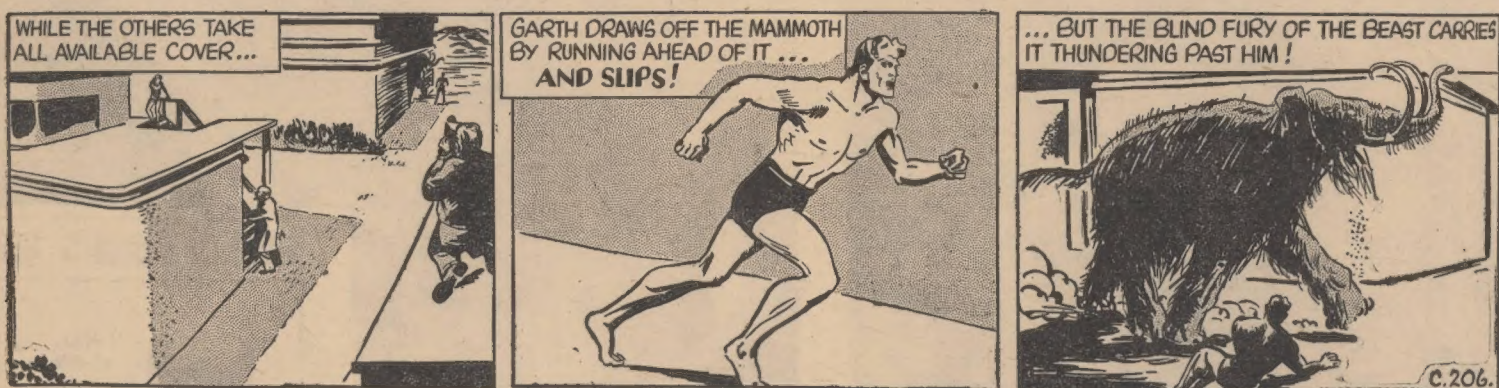
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Just Fancy—

By ODO DREW

THE Editor read the following in the London "Daily Express" and told me to get cracking and an interview. This was the paragraph: "A mosquito, first found in 1940 biting tube shelterers in half-a-dozen London boroughs, is spreading further afield—possibly with the help of Underground trains."

Here was obviously a case which had baffled the authorities, since for four years this mosquito had been ranging, apparently at will. I appreciated the Editor's trust, but could I, clever amateur detective as I am, hope to succeed where Scotland Yard, the British Medical Council, the Gas Light and Coke Company and the Wandsworth Borough Council—the best brains of the country—had failed?

Well, to cut a long story short, I interviewed the miscreant, though I could not persuade her to abandon her evil ways. (She was a female, as I suspected.)

I realised that I should not have the advantage of wireless cars, flying squads, finger-print experts—any of the modern tools of crime detection; Stuart Martin was away on holiday. I should have to rely on my own native wit.

It was evident that it was no good for me to search in shelters, or, indeed, to place a watch on the Underground stations. For four years those obvious methods had been employed, with no success. I felt that I should never find Mabel (that was her name) at work. Could I find out what she did with herself in her spare time? What would a hard-working mosquito be likely to do in leisure hours?

Here, as on many other occasions, I felt the benefit of having committed to memory the 14th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. I was able, without waste of time, to call to mind all that was known about mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes are intensely patriotic, and I had a hunch that Mabel, who was born—or at least her ancestors were—in Central America, probably in the Panama Canal Zone, would be attracted irresistibly to any natives from that part of the world. Her energy, endurance and courage proved that she was a mosquito of aristocratic birth, and I must seek for Panamanians of rank and education. Where could I find such if not at the Panama Legation, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7? And here luck, as it does so often—usually as a reward for a particularly brilliant piece of work—came to my aid.

No sooner had I arrived at the bottom of the Legation steps than I saw what was obviously a mosquito flying round the door-knocker. Could it be? I wondered. With great presence of mind I called out, "Hola mosquita!" (Mosquita being, of course, feminine of mosquito.) The mosquito swerved suddenly and circled within a foot of my nose. (Here, for the benefit of readers less linguistically skilled than I, the conversation, in Spanish, is translated.)

Had I the great honour, I said, of meeting La Mosquita, of whom all the papers were talking? If so, could I crave the favour of an interview for my paper?

Mabel—for she it was—was courteous in the extreme. She asked me to sit down, which I did, on a dustbin lid, whilst she circled always within a few inches of my face. As a matter of fact, had she not done so I could hardly have heard her voice.

I wanted, she supposed, a human story? Well, she could give it me. Why did she spend her life blood-sucking Londoners? For Revenge, she said.

Five years ago a Cockney named Fingelman, who was a pilot on the Panama Canal, killed her mother and gravely injured her latest brothers and sisters. With her dying breath her mum said, "Mabel mia, revenge is sweet and blood is sweet. Only the blood of Londoners can revenge me and these here kids."

So Mabel, having got a job on the staff of the Panamanian Minister to the Court of St. James, came to London. That was 1939. A year later her chance came. "In four years (I quote her words) for every drop of my mother's blood I must have drawn pints. I am not so young as I was and am rather tired, but I must go on till I bust. We mosquitoes are taught reverence of ancestors—we learned it from Wop Ping Sting, a Chinese philosopher. I have sacrificed all to my task. There was a mosquito of good family living at the Legation—he was one of the Moss-Bros-quitoes, and his name was Alfredo. He sought me in marriage and he wanted me to move away into the country, where he had found a disused canal, by the stagnant waters of which we might have brought up our children. But it was not for me."

How had she evaded detection for so long? I asked. When working, she wore her warden's uniform, she replied simply.

She began to weep, and, saying "Excuse, please," she flew away.

But she returned in a moment and asked me where I lived. I told her. "London!" she screamed, and bit me twice viciously on the nose.

In the office the Editor was rather pleased, but said that I ought to have taken a photographer along with me.



# Good Morning

No explanation needed. It's Marie McDonald, that gorgeous, glamorous, blonde temptress, thinking about her next perm, it appears.



Through a glass not so darkly . . . kittens must play and women must kiss.



Walking down Troy Town, in the Cornish port of Fowey. This used to be a favourite haunt of the Press Gang in the early Eighteenth Century



If this bloke doesn't become a Puisne Judge at least, we'll be surprised. He's got just that look in his eye.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

